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## MORSEBERRY. THE BROKEN HEART.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I never heard  
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt  
With care, that like the caterpillar ate,  
The leaves of the spring's sweet bud and rose.

It is a common thing to laugh at love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of poets, and novelists, that never existed in real life. My observations on human nature have convinced me of the contrary, and have satisfied me that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, and the pleasures of society there is still a warm current of affection running through the depths of the coldest heart, that prevents its being utterly congealed. Indeed I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love! I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave. Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought; and dominion over his fellow men. But woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world: it is there her ambition strives for her empire, it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasure. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she launches her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her cause is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it is a loss of felicity; but he is an active being—he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or plunge into the tide of pleasure or, if the scene of disappointment be to fall of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth and be at rest.

But woman's is comparatively a fixed and meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation! Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured and sacked, and abandoned and left destitute.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted her loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when unfortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself, but when otherwise, she buries it in the recess of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her, the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of her existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sorrow drinks her blood" until her enfeebled frame sinks under the last external assault. Look for her after a little while, and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition, that laid her low—but no one knows the mental malady that previously snapped her strength and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove: graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its core. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it dropping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf, until wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest, and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self neglect and disappearing gradually from the earth almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility,

languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall give them in the manner they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragic story of Emmet, the Irish Patriot, for it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned and executed on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so brave; so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial too was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be in vain to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and only love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him—when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him more ardently for his sufferings. If then his fate could awake even the sympathy of his foes, what must have been the anguish of her whole soul which was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being most loved on earth, who have sat at this threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world from whence all that was most lovely and loving had parted.

But when the horrors of such a greeting frightful, so dishonored! These the pangs for memory to dwell upon—though, though melting—none alas, that endear the parting ancholy clinging to melt the sorrow into blessed scenes—Sent like the dew of heaven, to revive the heart in the hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the parental roof. But could the sympathy of a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, they would have experienced no want of consolation for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by the families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to visit the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there, as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at the blandishments of friendship, and heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely.

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene.—To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and so wo-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid ruins and giddy crowd, with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of the orchestra, and looking about some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite touch, but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that it drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great sympathy in a country so remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his adresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and a sense of her own destitute and dependant situation, for she was existing on the kindness of her friends.—In a word he at length in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was utterly another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her

very soul. She was wasted away into a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

## MORAL DISCIPLINE.

Mr. Jacob Abbot, late Principal of the Mount Vernon School, has given to the public, through Messrs. Pierce and Parker, The Teacher, or Moral Influences employed in the Instruction and Government of the Young, intended chiefly to assist young teachers in the organization and conduct of schools. The extraordinary success of the Young Christian, both in England and in this country, led us to expect some interest in the perusal of this work, and we have not been disappointed. It is, like its predecessor, liable to the antipathy common with many readers to all grave essays; but like that also, it will not fail, by its abundant illustration and anecdote, and its fine tenor of kindly feeling, to fasten the attention of all who may once be attracted to its pages. The following passage, from the chapter on Moral Discipline, will indicate the good sense and plainness of application which distinguished this work.

The teacher of a school observed, himself, and learned from several quarters, that a certain boy was in the habit of causing disturbance during the time of prayer, at the opening and close of school, by whispering, playing, making gestures to the other boys, and throwing things about from seat to seat. The teacher's first step was to speak of the subject generally, before the whole school, not alluding, however, to any particular instance which had come under his notice. These general remarks, however, as he expected, had little irregularity been very much improved, but he thought it necessary to take more immediate measures, but he thought the case admitted of a little delay. In the meantime he took a little pains to cultivate the acquaintance of the boy, to discover and to show that he noticed what was good in his character and conduct, occasionally to gain from him some little assistance, and thus to get some personal ascendancy over him.

One day, when every thing had gone smoothly and pleasantly, the teacher told the boy, at the close of the school, that he wanted to talk with him a little, and asked him to walk with him to the school-house. The boy, however, refused to associate with his pupils, out of school, and this request, accordingly, attracted no special attention. On the walk, the teacher thus accosted the "criminal":

"Do you like frank, open dealing, James?"

James hesitated a moment, and then answered faintly, "Yes sir."

"Most boys do, and I do; and I suppose that you would prefer being treated in that way. Do you?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, I am going to tell you of one of your faults. I have asked you to walk with me, because I supposed it would be pleasanter for you to have me see you privately, than to bring it up in school."

James said it would be pleasanter.

"Well, the fault is, being disorderly at prayer time. Now if you like frank and open dealing, and are willing to deal so with me, I should like to talk with you a little about it, but if you are not willing, I will dismiss the subject. I do not wish to talk with you now about it, unless you yourself desire it. But if we talk at all, we must both be open, honest and sincere. Now should you rather have me talk with you or not?"

"Yes sir, I should rather have you talk with me now, than in school."

The teacher then described his conduct, in a mild manner, using the style of simple narration—admitting no harsh epithets, no terms of reproach. The boy was surprised, for he thought he had not been noticed. He thought, perhaps, he should have been punished, if he had been observed. The teacher said in conclusion:

"Now, James I do not suppose you have done this, from any designed irreverence towards God, or deliberate intention of giving me trouble and pain. You have several times lately assisted me in various ways, and I know from the cheerful manner with which you comply, with my wishes, that your prevailing desire is, to give me pleasure not pain. You have fallen into this practice through thoughtlessness; but that does not alter the character of the sin.—To do so, is a great sin against God, and a great offence against good order in school.—You see, yourself, that my duty to the school will require me to adopt the most decided measures, to prevent the continuance and the spread of such a practice. I shall be imperiously bound to do it, even if the individual was the very best friend I had in school, and if the measures necessary should bring upon him great disgrace and suffering. Do you think it would be so?"

"Yes sir," said James, seriously, "I suppose it would."

"I want to remove the evil, however, in the pleasantest way. Do you remember my speaking on this subject in school the other day?"

"Did it?"

"I don't think I have played so much since then."

"Nor I. You have improved a little, but you have not decidedly and thoroughly reformed. So I was obliged to take the next step, which would be least unpleasant to you, that is, talking with you alone. Now you told me, when we began, that you would deal honestly & sincerely with me, if I would with you. I have been honest and open. I have told you all about it, so far as I am concerned. Now I wish you to be honest and tell me what you are going to do. If you think from this conversation, determined to do so no more; and to break off at once and forever from this practice—I should like to have you tell me, and then the whole thing will be settled. On the other hand, if you feel about it pretty much as you have done, I should like to have you tell me that too, honestly and frankly, that we may have a distinct understanding, and that I may be considering what to do next. I shall not be offended with you for giving me either of these answers, but be sure that you are honest; you promised me to be so."

The boy looked up in his master's face, and said, with great earnestness, "Mr. Abbot, I will do better."

The danger of the confession of faults, and the habit of coming to the teacher, when they have done something which they think may get them into difficulty, and make a sort of half confession, which, by bringing forward every palliating circumstance, and suppressing every thing of a different character, keeps entirely out of view all the real guilt of the transgression. The criminal is praised by the teacher for the honesty of the confession, and his fault is freely forgiven. He goes away, therefore, well satisfied with himself, when in fact he has been only submitting to a little mortification, voluntarily, to avoid the danger of a greater; much in the same spirit with that which leads a man to receive the small pox by inoculation, to avoid the danger of taking it in the natural way.

Here is a capital story. We wish that all the boys and girls, who ever made bullies and idiots of the best boys in the world, by treating them like brutes, might read & remember it: A master of a district school was walking through the room, with a large rule in his hand and as he came up behind two small boys, he observed that they were playing with some papers. He struck them once or twice, though not very severely, on the head, with the rule which he had in his hand. Tears started from the eyes of one. They were called forth by a mingled feeling of grief, mortification and pain.—The other was of sterner stuff; looked steadily into the master's face, and when his back was turned shook his fist at him and laughed in defiance.

Another teacher seeing a similar case, did nothing. The boys when they saw him hastily gathered up their playthings and put them away. An hour or two after, a little boy who sat near the master, brought them a note addressed to them both. They opened it and read as follows:

To Edward and John—  
I observed, when I passed you to-day, from your concerned looks and hurried manner of putting something into your desk, that you were doing something that you knew was wrong.—When you attempt to do any thing whatever, which conscience tells you is wrong, you only make yourself uneasy and anxious while you do it, and then you are forced to resort to concealment and deception, when you see me coming. You would be a great deal happier, if you would always be doing your duty, and then you would never be afraid. Your affectionate teacher,

As the teacher was arranging his papers in his desk at the close of school, he found a small piece of paper neatly folded up in the form of a note, and addressed to him. He read as follows:

Dear teacher—We are very much obliged to you for writing us a note. We were making a paper box. We know it was wrong, and are determined to do no more. We hope you will forgive us. Your pupils, EDWARD, JOHN.

Which of these teachers understood human nature best?

We shall take up this volume again. It is worthy of being written in gold—every word of it.

Foreknowledge.—Bridges has just killed and weighed a fine pig, which he suspended from a limb of an apple tree near the sty, when a neighbor passing by, enquired the weight of his pig? Well, it didn't weigh as much as I expected, and I always knew it wouldn't.

Stationary Road.—A gentleman recently travelling near Huddersfield, called out to a boy, "where does this road go to, my lad?"—"I do not know," said the boy, "where it goes to, but it is always here when I come by."

## POLITICAL.

THE FEDERAL CANDIDATE. The federalists have at last mustered up their courage and have presented us with a candidate for Gov.—The Kennebec Convention which met at Augusta on the 1st inst. nominated Daniel Goodenow, of Alfred as their man. That the rest of the party will fall in with this nomination is not at all improbable. We were in hopes, however, that they would have selected some other man, whose weakness was not so apparent.—Mr. Goodenow has been so often tried and defeated, and the utter hopelessness of his success is so well understood, that they might almost as well have no candidate whatever in the field.—But if they are satisfied it is no concern of ours and we will rest contented. It seems, however, to be doing injustice to Mr. Goodenow, to wear him out as a candidate for an office to which there is not the remotest probability he will ever be elected. The triumphant vote which will be given to Mr. Dunlap at the approaching election, will, we think, elect Goodenow and his federalist candidate for them to expect—no wish to shrink from republican—two persons now before the good. It is the height of folly for Mr. Goodenow to expect that he can be elected Governor. It would be quite as easy to elect John Holmes himself, and this every one will acknowledge to be morally impossible. Nevertheless, we are glad that the opposition have a candidate of their own—and we know not but it is as well that they have selected Mr. G. It will at least ensure us quite a peaceable contest; the victory will be an easy one.

[Maine Democrat.]

PARTY.—THE ERA OF GOOD FEELINGS. It is a general remark that the federalists, after an election in which they have been completely routed—"horse foot and dragons," invariably sing out lustily against "party!" "party servitude!" and all that. This observation is very applicable at the present time. Being well aware (as well they may be) of the utter impracticability of successfully opposing the Democratic Republican party, while they openly oppose it, they would fain obliterate all of the old era of good feelings. Their object in doing this, is easily understood.—As before observed they have learned by sad experience that their party can never obtain the ascendancy, as long as the present lines of demarcation between the two parties exist. They know that while their principles are distinctly avowed, the people can never be induced to receive and sanction them. Hence in order to retrieve the broken and ruined fortunes of their party, they are compelled to resort to artifice; and that artifice consists in professing a cessation of political hostilities, and in endeavoring to destroy all party distinctions. When this latter object shall have been accomplished, (of which there is but little probability) their great and ultimate object will have been partially attained. The odiousness which is now attached to their principles and acts, will have been buried in oblivion, and they can renew their warfare with some prospect of success. Such is unquestionable the *modus operandi* which the "Nationals" have adopted in order to defeat their opponents. Whether it will be successful, remains to be seen.

[Skohegan Sentinel.]

From the N. H. Patriot.

"The Federalists of Maine have all at once become mightily in love with Gov. Smith. For two years, all sorts of abuse was heaped upon him. Now they have become his champions, and are much wounded for the ill treatment the Gov. has received in not being nominated again. And why is this? The reason is obvious. Gov. Smith is one of that class of politicians who love office more than principle. He has received a full share at the hands of the republican party, and now that the principle of rotation is about to lay him upon the shelf, he seems willing to receive support from those who heretofore opposed him, and to lend his aid to 'break down the republican party by opposing its nominations.'"

We have copied the above paragraph for the purpose of expressing our conviction, that the charges it contains against Gov. Smith, do him great injustice. The Patriot has been mistaken. So far are they from being true, that Gov. Smith has repeatedly declared both to friends and opponents, that he is not a candidate for the office of Governor—that he does not wish his name mentioned or used as such, in the way it has been in the public papers, and that he only desires to be let alone. After such declarations, the charges that he is "willing to lend his aid to break down the Democratic party by opposing its nominations," &c. are unwarranted—certainly until those declarations are contradicted upon his authority. We trust that our brother editors will respect the wish he has expressed relative to the use of his name, and that our friend of the Patriot will correct any erroneous impressions, in relation to the character and course of Gov. Smith, which his readers may have received.

[Augusta Age.]











**OROSSUM HUNTING IN INDIANA.** One day, as I was leisurely riding through a heavily timbered district, I came suddenly upon a lad apparently between ten and twelve years of age. I had passed no house for many miles, and could see no 'clearing' in any direction around me. I was surprised to find a mere child alone in such a wilderness. I dismounted and approached him. He stood at the foot of a dead tree, from a hole among the roots of which every now and then issued a tremendous growl. He turned his eyes upon me for a moment as I neared him, and I was struck with the intelligence of his countenance, and his apparent indifference at the approach of a stranger. He had a certain waggish look, and on the whole I was satisfied that he had seen travellers before, and that notwithstanding his youth he knew perfectly well what he was about. He was armed with a long stick, or pole sharpened at one end, which was very dexterously, but most unceremoniously, thrust into the hole whence proceeded the terrible growling that had at first arrested my attention.

'What have you, my boy?' enquired I, after surveying him for a few moments.

'A stick, if I know,' replied the urchin, turning up as quizzical an eye as can be found in a thousand, and then giving the occupant of the hole a tremendous punch, which, brought forth a growl that made the woods reverberate.

'And a pretty sharp one too if I know,' responded I, smiling. 'But what have you tried?' 'I have a 'possum holed,' replied the boy, giving a second arch look, and another tremendous punch.

'I should rather think you had him holed,' said I, stooping down and peeping into the burrow.

'Do you belong in these here parts?' asked he, eyeing me attentively, though with something of a leer, as before.

'I do not, sir.'

'You're a traveller, looken at the land, 'specten to purchase, if I know,' continued the boy.

'Specten to purchase.' It cannot be the imp of a band of robbers, thought I, wishing to sound my purse. But I almost immediately replied: 'A traveller though not on a land speculating tour, if I know.'

'You never lived in the woods, I 'low,' said he.

'I never did. But how do you know that?' 'I think so. An' you never hunted 'possums?' 'No—never.'

'I thought that too. Why,' he continued, dropping his pole, and assuming a look of some importance, when you've been as long in these here back-woods as me, you won't talk of halving a 'possum in its hole. They're more lives nor a cat, and I might stand here till harvest and punch, and be no better off. Wait a minute or two, and I'll show you how to hole a 'possum, a little the slickest.'

Saying this, he took a large jackknife from one of his pockets, and an arrow head flint from another, and heaping together a few pieces of punk, or dry rotten wood, he struck, and in the course of ten minutes had a 'pretty smart' fire kindled at the mouth of the 'possum's hole. This, he said, was for the purpose of 'smoking him out.' Pleased with the boy's activity, and the almost manliness of his every action, I seated myself at a short distance, to watch his movements.

'The tree may burn, and your horse may get scared and break away, if I know,' said he, 'and you had better look out.'

But before I had time to look round, a large 'possum galloped past me. The young 'Hoosheroon,' however, was close in the rear, and the animal's flight was soon stopped; for no sooner did it feel the weight of the boy's stick, now that it had emerged to the light, where its movements could be seen, than it dropped down, and keeled over on its side, to all appearance dead.

'That was a well aimed blow, my boy,' said I. 'But it hasn't done much, though, if I know,' said he with a knowing shake of the head.

'Why, you have killed the animal,' said I, 'and what more do you want?' 'I want to hater it,' replied he, not yet forgetting my witicism, and with an arch smile, which I did not exactly comprehend.

'And if you will hold it up by the hind legs for a moment, I'll show you how we do these things back here.'

I assented though not without some fears of his waggery, and he again whipped out his jackknife. But the blade had hardly found its way through the animal's skin, when I flung the opossum over my head to the distance of twenty feet, and jumped nearly as far in an opposite direction. The truth was, I soon felt the animal's cold tail against my wrist, and looking down, saw its eyes glaring, its jaws extended, and its back curving to a degree that would soon have brought its mouth in very close neighborhood with my hands. I thought it best to get rid of such a dead charge, as soon as possible; and in less than no time, as the young Hoosheroon would say, I and the opossum were something like a distance of forty feet apart. The boy had anticipated the result; and seizing a club, he bounded after his enemy, and soon brought it to its back again, 'as dead as ever.' He then turned round, and enjoyed a hearty laugh at my expense, apologising, however, by 'poking' I'd pardon him, as it might have been dead. And though I was not ignorant of the character of the animal, dead I certainly thought it was after receiving such an unmerciful punching, and such a blow as the young Hercules had given it when it emerged from its hole.

'I presume he is dead now,' said I, approaching.

'As dead as it was afore, if I know,' answered

the boy. 'Why, these here things has fifty lives, and will sometimes run after their heads is off.—I understand managing 'em well, though, and if you ain't in too big a hurry, and I'll wait a leetle bit longer, I'll show you how to kill 'em. 'But this is certainly dead,' said I, turning it over two or three times with my foot.

'As dead as it was afore, and I'll show you, if I know,' replied the boy, as he moved off in the direction of the fire he had kindled to 'smoke out' the 'possum. He soon returned with a live coal stuck in a split stick; and opening the jaws of the animal, he forced the fire into his mouth and held it there till the dead came to life, and began to scamper away again. I now expressed myself satisfied that he was not dead, and he quickly pursued and overtook his victim. Again it was stretched upon the ground, and the young 'Hoosheroon' began his preparations for its execution. He cut a forked limb from a sapling, and sharpened the prongs. This he placed over the opossum, one of the prongs on each side, and driving them into the earth, thus confined the animal so that it could not possibly escape.—He then took his jackknife, and proceeded with great deliberation, to sever the animal's head from his body. His struggles were great, but availed it nothing; and in a few minutes it was not only holed but quartered too, and its different parts were scattered over the ground.

It was near night, and I accompanied the youth to his home, which was about a mile distant from the scene of the preceding exploit, where I was made 'comfortable' till the next morning. I thought the little fellow had performed quite a heroic action, worthy of being recorded, as illustrative of the character of the backwoods youth. His parents, however, seemed to look upon it as a common affair; and his mother chid him that 'he had not taken an axe with him, instead of going and butchering the animal so unmercifully.'

**KEY WEST.** A writer in the Charleston (S. C.) Mercury, who is giving sketches of Florida, thus notices Key West, and its peculiar productions:—

**The Cotton Tree** is indigenous, not only to the Florida Keys, but also to the Main as far North as the latitude of Charleston Harbor. It resembles in color (being yellow) the East India Nankeen; the texture is woolly, and the plant perennial. It grows 10, 12, and 15 feet high. I am not aware that any experiments have been made in the cultivation of this Cotton. May it not be the same plant, seed of which has been sent to the States under the name of Peruvian Cotton?

**The Torchwood Tree**, as its name imports, is used for torches; it burns bright like light-wood, and in combustion emits a pleasant odour resembling frankincense. From its pleasant taste, it is much used in smoking out Mosquitoes.

**The Manchenele**, when cut, emits a milky fluid, which if applied to the human body, is peculiarly irritating, and by some held to be poisonous. I recollect an anecdote which proves that the irritating properties may be communicated to the human body without actual contact, and may be driven off by decomposition resulting from heat. A number of men were engaged in clearing a road, they had cut down and set fire to several Manchenele trees.—Three or four of the party incautiously set down to leeward of the burning trees: the smoke being conveyed to them by wind, produced a violent inflammation in all parts of their bodies which were uncovered. The inflammation however was most acute about the face and eyes.—They were led home like blind men in a 'pretty pickle.' They were very soon relieved by a solution of sugar of lead and opium, applied constantly with wet cloths until the heat subsided. I have never known fatal consequences to follow the application of the Manchenele.

**Mangrove.** I must not forget to mention this tree and its connection with the collection and formation of soil to which it is adapted. A beautiful illustration of the formation of earth from the sea, is exhibited on the Florida Reef and Keys.—In fact it may be traced from the incipient formation of various sponges coral, &c., to the establishment of dry land. As soon as the sponge, coral or even sandbank approaches within a foot or eighteen inches of the surface of the water, the Mangrove attaches itself. The seed of the mangrove resembles a long bean 12 or 14 inches in length. As soon as ripe, it falls from the tree into the water, one end being heavier than the other, it floats about until it fixes itself to the bottom, takes root and becomes a tree. The bottom of this tree in process of time forms a complete network, in which all floating materials, sea weed and sand are collected. I have seen mangrove islands as they are called of several acres in extent, which did not contain one foot of dry land. Nay more—I have seen channel ways of 12 or 14 feet deep, passing through these islands, over which a natural bridge had been formed, by the Mangrove roots. In other places, I have known a few Mangrove trees, by attaching themselves to small sand bank, collect large beds of sand around them, upon which the sea deposits its shells and the birds of the air their eggs, and the seed of various plants which they have collected in their migrations. In process of time when soil capable of supporting a stronger growth is formed, the Mangrove having perished its designed use dies and is supplanted. There can be no doubt but that the whole of the Florida Keys have been formed in this way. That is to say: by the growth of coral and sponges, the drift of sand by the currents, the growth and offices of the Mangrove, and dispositions of the sea and of birds.

A Naturalist who is well qualified for the

task, might reap an abundant harvest at Key West and along the Reef. Many plants have been discovered on the Keys, peculiar to the west Indies, and not known, as indigenous to the United States, which have undoubtedly been brought over by birds from the tropics. These birds must be found by the Naturalist who has time and patience to spend the whole year in this section of the country, as they probably migrate at particular seasons. Several birds have already been found not hitherto known or described as inhabiting the United States. And why not others? The birds peculiar to the Florida Keys may be had in great quantities, and shells and coral by cartloads provided one is an adept at obtaining them.

**Relics of Mary, Queen of Scots.**—Certain interesting relics of this never to be forgotten queen of sorrow, as well as of beauty, are still among us, and in the possession of personages of her own gentle sex. The celebrated casket, said to have contained the fatal letters produced to excuse her condemnation, graces the cabinet of the Hon. Miss Grinnson. The pearl necklace, which used to adorn her beautiful neck in the bright days of her charms and her power, is sometimes the ornament of her no less lovely countrywoman, Miss Macdonald; and the hallowed little cross which lay on her bosom in the hour of execution, is regarded as a sacred inheritance in the family of the Duchess of Richmond. And, perhaps, what is the most affecting relic of them all, the last garment which folded around her in the last act of that horrible scene, and stained with her blood is in the possession of the House of Throckmorton. Some touching verses shew how often it has been embalmed with a tear from the eyes of Lady Throckmorton, the beautiful friend of the sweet bard of 'The Task.' [English ps.]

**Brotherly love.**—Don Miguel lately visited his army before Oporto, and at one time, in riding along the lines, was visible to his dear brother, Don Pedro—the two worthies, accompanied state, simultaneously cocked their respective telescopes to their eyes, and viewed each other, 'like two strange cats in a garret.' On Pedro's putting down his glass, he remarked to Sir John Miltly Doyle, 'D—me if I see any alteration in the scamp; and we have heard from head quarters that by a "curious coincidence," so closely did their fraternal knowledge and feelings assimilate, that Miguel, on finishing his examination of his brother's mug, exclaimed, "he has the same vagabond countenance he always had."

**Complimentary.**—The editor of the Nantucket Inquirer, in speaking of the new paper about to be established by Major Noah, says of the Ex-Judge of Israel, that 'as a popular editor, a reckless wag, a shameless politician, and a whole-souled, hearty-handed, good-humoured, and deservedly-prized citizen and companion, the Major is super-transcendent. Would that he himself were President at this blessed moment, great luck to him!'

This is nearly as flattering as a compliment we have somewhere seen bestowed upon the sons of 'swate Ireland,' which characterized them as 'kind, warm-hearted and ferocious; generous, hospitable, and bloody, the most amiable of incendiaries, the witest and most delightful cut-throats in the world.'

[Dover Enq.]

**Scene in New Orleans.**—A gentleman informed us that he overheard the following conversation in a hotel one morning in New Orleans, during the prevalence of the Cholera.

'How are you to-day?' 'Only so, so—Bar-keeper, give me a stiff Julep.'

'Do you know that our particular friend J—kick'd the bucket last night?' 'You don't say so?—Will you take an anti-fogmatic?'

'Don't care if I do. Miss K—also has gone by the board.'

'The d—d—I was engaged to be married to her! What's the price of cotton this morning?'

[Baltimore Visitor.]

**THE PRESIDENT.**

It is with much pleasure we learn that the health of the President is improving daily. We trust he will return greatly benefited, from his visit to the seashore. The arduous duties to which he is perpetually exposed here, is enough to wear down and enfeeble the most robust constitution. People at a distance have not the most remote idea of his labours.

He rises early in the morning and repairs to the room in which he transacts public business where he often remains without his breakfast till a late hour in the day. After twelve o'clock his Cabinet Officers and the heads of Bureaus are continually calling on him, on business; and yet notwithstanding all this, he finds time to receive the numerous visitors who are constantly calling on him.

[Washington Examiner.]

**Singular Phenomenon.**—A correspondent of the Bulletin gives the following account of an uncommon occurrence which took place in Genesee county, N. Y. on the 20th of June:

Between two and three o'clock in the morning, there was heard by several of the inhabitants of the town of Java and Sheldon, Genesee county, a remarkable roaring, resembling that of a rushing mighty wind, accompanied with a trembling motion of the earth for a considerable extent. It was so considerable, that some removed the glass and earthenware from their

shelves, to prevent its breaking. In the morning there was discovered on the farm of Mr. J. Sykes, in the north part of the town of Java, a remarkable breach in the earth, extending from Seneca creek, west, across a small flat of a few rods in extent, up the side of a hill, the slope of which was about forty-five rods in length. It was twenty rods wide at the end next to the creek, thirteenth at the middle, and sixteen at the upper end, where the earth was sunk from twenty-five to thirty feet, while it was raised about twenty feet above the bottom of the creek at its lower end, making the highest point at the creek nearly as high as the lowest depression at the upper extremity. The bed of the creek was raised about twenty feet, and carried about 2 rods beyond its former situation. The ground was thrown into ridges from two to ten feet high. A considerable portion of the surface has entirely disappeared, presenting in its stead several strata of different kinds of earth. Trees, stumps and logs, were carried twelve or fifteen rods. A small grove of timber, some of which was twenty inches through, was carried the above distance, some standing, some broken down, and some torn up by the roots. In some instances, logs and other ponderous substances, that were in contact, were separated six or eight rods, and others, before at a distance, were thrown together. There are many conjectures concerning it, but none can satisfactorily account for it.

'There is a God! The herds of the valley, the cedars of the mountain bless him—the insect sports in his beams; the elephant salutes him with the rising orb of day; the bird sings him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims him in the heavens; the ocean declares his immensity: man none hath said, 'There is no God! I unite in thought at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year; a night bespangled with stars, and a mid-lit covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers; forests hazy with snow; fields gilded by the tints of autumn—then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what uncomprehensible magic does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shade of the evening re-appear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy due of the morning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising—resplendent at noon-day, and setting in the west; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east or south, or west in the world. Every thing reduces itself to one single point, from whence the king of day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendor is perhaps that which nature can present that is most beautiful; for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits, at the same time, a shining image of the glorious Creator.'

**REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.**—A little girl had been taken into the country, a day two since, with her parents for a ride. Returning in the evening, by moon light, she exclaimed, 'O mother, there's the other half of the moon that we have at our house!'

'What are you doing there Solomon?' said the patron of a Broad river boat, a few evenings since, as he made his cable fast to a tree for the night. 'I'm only driving a nail in the boat at the edge of the water, to see if the river will rise any more morning.'

**RATHER PARADOXICAL.**—'How would you turn your right eye into a left eye?' asked Sir Charles Fowler the other day, of a new made common council man. 'D'ye give it up?' 'Why, stick a pin in your left eye, and then your right eye will be the left one.'

A distinguished gentleman of Pennsylvania, whose nose and chin were both very long, and who had lost his teeth, whereby the nose and chin were brought near together, was told, 'I'm afraid your nose and chin will fight before long; they approach each other very manfully.' 'I am afraid of it myself,' replied the gentleman, for a great many words have passed between them already.

'Well, how uneasy I am, seated between two tailors,' said a self-important fellow. 'They suffer the greatest inconvenience,' replied a gentleman, having but one goose between them.'

At a Court of Probate held at Waterbury within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifth day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three. **REUEL WASHBURN** Administrator of the estate of **DAVID WASHBURN**, late of Livermore in said County, Esquire, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased and also his own private account against said estate—

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Livermore in said County, on the nineteenth day of September next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge. A true Copy, Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

**One cent Reward!** RAN away from the subscriber an indentured apprentice named **Lucius Cole**. All persons are forbid harboring or trusting him as they would avoid the penalties of the law in such case provided. The above reward will be paid to any one who will return said **Lucius** to **JOHN DANIELS JR.** Paris August 19, 1833.

At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifth day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three. **ON** the petition of **Andrew McMillan**, administrator of the estate of **John Colby** late of Fryeburg in said County, yeoman, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death the sum of two hundred seventy-seven dollars and thirty cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges:—

**ORDERED.**—That the petitioner give notice to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Democrat printed in Paris, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of October next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge. Copy Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Waterbury within and for the County of Oxford, on the fifth day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three. **ON** the petition of **JOHN HUBBARD** and **SAMUEL STEPHENS** Executors of the last Will and Testament of **Lemuel Jackson** late of Paris, in said County, deceased, having presented their sixth account of administration of the estate of said deceased—

**ORDERED.**—That the said Executors give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge. A true Copy, Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

**CAUTION.** WHEREAS, a young man by the name of **STEPHEN FOGG** has been in my employ about three months, and got in debt to me about \$25, and to others about the same amount, and on the night of the 13th of August left my house and I do suppose he broke open my shop and took therefrom to a small amount, and I understand he is up to such tricks—therefore, I would caution Shopkeepers in particular to be on the lookout. He says he is a native of Hixton in this State, he is about 6 feet high, thick set, light complexioned person, about 20 years of age and appears very well. **JOHN MARCH.** Lewiston, August 16, 1833. '34

**SALE OF PUBLIC LANDS IN THE COUNTY OF OXFORD.**

THE township of land numbered one in the second range, and the south half of township numbered one, in the third range of townships west of Hingham, &c. Scotch Purchase, will be offered for sale, at public auction, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, on Tuesday the first day of October next, at the Augusta Hotel in Augusta. One fifth of the purchase money to be paid on the delivery of the deed, within thirty days from the sale, and the remainder four equal annual payments with annual interest, to be secured by notes with sufficient security, or by a lien on the land and timber. Satisfactory assurances that the terms of the sale shall be complied with, will be required.

**DANIEL ROSE, Land Agent of Maine.** August 1, 1833. '34.

**CHAISES, SLEIGHS, &c.** THE Subscriber has established himself at Stowell's Mills, South Paris, where he carries on the COACH and CHAIRS business in all its branches, in the most fashionable style and manner. Carriages repaired and painted at short notice and on reasonable terms. For sale, one good second hand Chaise and Harness, and two common Waggon. **ROBERT SKILLINGS.** Aug. 5, 1833. 6m]

**WANTED,** EIGHT OR TEN apprentice GIRLS to the tailoring business. None need apply unless well recommended. **MICAH ALLEN.** Norway Village, Aug. 12.

**Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE AT AUCTION.**

ALL the right title and interest which **Asa Barton** has in the BUILDINGS occupied by E. Livermore in his occupancy, and the STORE occupied by E. Livermore, will be sold at auction on the premises, on SATURDAY the THIRTIETH day of AUGUST next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Said property consists of a new brick House and a room lately occupied as a Boarding place, a new brick Store, all thoroughly built, well finished and in good repair, together with out buildings and the land on which they stand. Said Barton has a lease of the house and one building, &c. for the term of seven years from the first day of January 1831, at an annual rent of one hundred dollars—and the said Livermore has a lease of the brick store for the term of seven years from the first day of October 1832, at an annual rent of sixty dollars. Said property is situated on the sum of thirteen hundred dollars, in two years from the eleventh day of March 1833, with interest. The premises constitute a very eligible stand for business in Norway Village.

At the same time and place will be sold, **Few No. 47** in the Universalist Meeting-house in Norway Village—the wood work of a single wagon, and many other articles. Also, a large number of demands belonging to the said Barton, consisting of accounts, notes, and executions, a great proportion of the notes are against men of property but not yet due.

**STEPHEN EMERY, Assignee.** AZRA F. BEAL, July 22, 1833.

**TO THOSE AFFLICTED WITH CORNS.**

THE celebrated **ALBION CORN PLASTER** affords instant relief, and at the same time dissolves and draws Corns out by the roots, without the least pain. **CERTIFICATE.**—'To those afflicted with Corns on their feet I do certify that I have used the **Albion Corn Plaster** with complete success. Before I had used one box it completely cured a Corn which had troubled me for many years. I make this public for the benefit of those afflicted with the painful complaint. **Wm. B. BAW.** Flushing, L. I. Feb. 22.' Price 50 cents per box.

**DR. FRY'S AROMATIC PILLS, FOR FEMALES.**

They purify the blood, quicken its circulation, assist the suspended operations of nature, and are a general remedy for the prevailing complaints among the female part of society. The Pills are particularly efficacious in the Green Sickness, Palpitation of the Heart, Glididinal Short Breath, Sinking of the Spirit, Dejection and Disinclination to exercise and Society. Married ladies will find the Pills equally useful, except in cases of pregnancy, when they must not be taken. They must therefore be taken by persons of hectic or consumptive habits. Price \$1.50 a box.

Also the celebrated **CAMBRIAN TOOTH ACHIE PILLS**, which give immediate relief, without the least injury to the teeth. On trial this will be found one of the best remedies known for this complaint. Price 50 cents a box. **None** are genuine unless signed on the outside printed wrapper, by the sole proprietor, **T. KIDDER**, for sale at his Counting Room, over No. 59, Court-street, near Concert Hall, Boston; and also by his special appointment, by **E. L. EVERETT**, Norway Village, who has also for sale all of the justly celebrated medicines prepared by him. **Aug. 6.**